

Insurance Company--Fire and Marine.  
NO. 8 EXCHANGE BUILDINGS  
OF THE STATE HOUSE  
HARTFORD CT.  
was incorporated by the Legislature and Marine Insurance--has capital and has the power of increasing its half a million of dollars; company will issue policies on Fire or Marine terms as favorable as other Officers may be made by letter from the United States, where no agency is established. The office is open at all hours for the business.

J. Clark,  
H. Northam,  
Kelllogg,  
Humphrey,  
in W. Greene,  
Shull,  
Till,  
A. Ward,  
D. W. CLARK, President.  
W. M. CONNER, Secretary.  
April, 1850.

#### A CARD.

PRESTON, Dentist, over No. 12 State Street, thanks the good people for a patronage which it is believed has given some to him to present to their notice. Doctor H. DANECHETT, as a partner in business, deserves full confidence as a man, and very few equals anywhere.

#### IDENTISTRY.

GUN & HANECHETT will continue the Dentistry over No. 12 State street, up which it is believed has given some under the management of the senior partner. That of performing every operation to them, CAREFULLY and FAITHFULLY, and at prices.

PRESTON. M. WALDO HANECHETT.

LADEDPHIA ART UNION. We are informed that the annual distribution place on the 31st of December. Drawing by RITCHIE is from a HUNTERIAN picture of "MERCY'S BUREAU" and in the various styles, of stipples, line prints.

The prizes will be a copy of "Huntington's

by JAMES MCMLURIE JR. which

is valued at \$1,000.

Prize may be seen at the store of the

WM. JAS. HAMERSLY,



In Quart Bottles.  
THE PURIFYING OF THE BLOOD  
FOR THE CURE OF  
Mercure Diseases, Rheumatism, Cutaneous  
Eruptions, Stubborn Ulcers, Liver Complaint,  
Dyspepsia, Bronchitis, Salt  
Thrush, Consumption, Fever Sores,  
Female Complaints, Erysipelas, Loss of Appetite,  
Pimples, Biles, Genital Diseases, &c.

preparation has now borne the test of public favor, during which time no imitations have sprung into existence, their claims to the confidence of the public on the curative powers contained in Sarsaparilla Root, the great reputation and example of which has been mainly attributable many wonderful cures effected by the use of preparation. While Sarsaparilla Root is an important part of its combination, it is, at the same time, compounded with other vegetables of great power, and it is in the preparation and scientific manner that it has its remarkable success in the various demands. Other preparations in the style of putting up, and in bearing one of one of its ingredients, and here ends resemblance to it. Those needing a reme-dy like this, are requested to note this difference exists, and in making choice they will use, not to take any other but entitled to their confidence, from the long series of cures it has effected on living witnesses, testimonials and residences have been published and who are still bearing daily testimony to the whole. The whole of medicine has a future prospect to numerous and able cures effected by its use, and what it can do it can effect again.

FROM KENTUCKY.

INFLAMMATORY Rheumatism Cured.  
HARDSTOWN, Ky., July 10, 1849.

SANDS--Gentlemen: It is my duty to communicate facts in relation to the beneficial effects of Sarsaparilla. My wife was afflicted with inflammation and soreness of the stomach and worst character; her limbs were swollen; she had constant headache, and was attacked with inflammatory rheum-

atic best medical aid we could obtain

only momentary relief; and while in prison, she heard of the man's remarkable effects by the use of Sands' Sarsaparilla, mentioned its use, which produced instant and less than six bottles entirely removed tropical swelling and every other inflammatory symptom, restoring her to perfect health.

The statement as an act of justice, believe me to be my duty to encourage the saving of the human family to use Sands' Sarsaparilla, as no parallel in the cause of medicine. With feelings of lasting respect, I remain your friend,

SAMUEL P. HARGER.

the following from

NEW ORLEANS, Nov. 12, 1849.

SANDS--Gentlemen: I take the liberty of informing you that I have done, great benefit from your Sarsaparilla, been cured of a malady after suffering six months.

I hereby cheerfully certify, the good

of your medicine, and the good you have done.

A cough had tormented me day and night, caused attacks of fever induced me to believe I should die with consumption. One while suffering a violent attack of burning pain, a friend persuaded me to try your incomparable medicine, but to tell the truth, I had no faith in it. I finally purchased a bottle, and the help of God, I was restored to health than I had enjoyed for six years. I but bless the author of this admirable med-

icinal power.

Yours obedient servant,

FERMIN GROUPAZ.

and sold, wholesale and retail, by A. SANDS, Druggists and Chemists, 100 street, corner of William, New-York.

to Druggists generally throughout the States and Canada. Price \$1 per bottle; and for \$5.

sale by C. P. WELLS, JOHN BRAD-

and J. J. DIMOCK, Hartford; by S. C.

AM, New Haven--and B. K. BLISS,

3m44

# CHRISTIAN SECRETARY.

NORMAND BURR, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

"WHAT THOU SEEST, WRITE, AND SEND UNTO THE CHURCHES."

TERMS--\$2 PER ANNUM PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

VOL. XXIX.

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TERM'S.

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Advertisers remitted at the usual rates of advertising in this city.

Communications, in order to insure an early insertion, should reach us as early as Tuesday evening. Address NORMAND BURR, postpaid.

ROBERT NOURSE,  
GENERAL AGENT.

The Wayfarer's Visit.

Late one Saturday evening, a knock was heard at the door of a respectable family in H—, New York. The door was opened, and a stranger, about fifty years old, presented himself. "Are there any in this house," said he, "who love the LORD JESUS CHRIST?"

This was a very unusual question, and Mr. L. scanned well the features of the questioner before he gave an answer. Seeing intelligence and benevolence stamped on his countenance, he replied, "We profess to be the friends of Christ."

The next day was the Sabbath. Mr. W. rose with the dawn and prayed.

When he met with the family it was in a most cheerful manner. His conversation was free and inspiring, but no word was spoken inconsistent with the holiness of the day. So naturally did suitable topics present themselves, that no thought of an effort to keep the Sabbath crossed any mind.

He went with the family to the village church, and gladly accepted the invitation of the pastor to preach in his place. He took for his text, "The love of Christ constraineth us." He had not spoken long before every eye was fixed on him. He was not an eloquent man in the ordinary acceptance of the term. There was nothing striking in his language, or in his thoughts. He told them what they all knew before about the greatness of Christ's love, and of its natural effect upon the heart.

But what he said told upon the hearts of his hearers, because it was manifest that he spoke under the constraining influence of the love of Christ. This was the secret of his power. It is a power which is attainable by every minister, however humble his intellectual endowments. That man never fails to secure the attention of his audience, who presents to them even the most familiar truths, under the constraining influence of the love of Christ.

He then related the circumstances which led him to adopt such an unusual course to obtain lodgings for the night. He had rode in the stage coach all day. Among the passengers there was not one who was a professor of religion. Two of them kept themselves in a state of intoxication all day. It was in vain that he attempted to check their profaneness. His heart was pained during the whole day by hearing his Saviour insulted and abused. When at night he came to the tavern in the village, he found that preparations for a ball were in progress. He accordingly determined to see if he could not find some quiet family who would receive him for his Master's sake, and with whom he might refresh his weary spirit by communing on heavenly things. "I thank God," said he, "that he has sent me to your house."

"We also are thankful for the same reason," said Mr. L.

Among the themes of conversation which occupied them till a late hour, was that of the relation of Christians to each other.

"I am afraid," said Mr. W., "that Christians do not think enough of the fact that they are blood-relations, in the sublimest sense of the term. I am afraid they do not love one another for Christ's sake as much as they ought.

They sustain to one another a variety of relations, such as members of the same society—

occupation in the same pursuits; and these diminish their sense of the importance of the relation they sustain to one another as the servants of Christ. The Church is in reality the most important of all societies. It is a divine society; it is Christ's society; and membership in it ought to be regarded as the choicest bond that can unite men together.

There ought to be such a state of things, that when we meet a Church member, we can feel that we have met a brother and a friend."

"It is not the evil of which you justly complain, owing, in part, at least, to the fact, that so many members of the Church give no good evidence of piety? If due care were taken in the admission of members; if it were well nigh certain that every professor of religion was a real Christian, would not our hearts flow out freely towards them?"

"There is truth in your remark, but I am afraid that we are, all of us, more or less prone, in these days, to form our attachments on other grounds than that of likeness to Christ in the object. We look for refinement, for intelligence, for similarity of taste and pursuit, in those we select for our intimate friends, rather than for Christ's image. Refinement, and intelligence, and congenial tastes, are desirable, but they should not be allowed to usurp Christ's place in our hearts. We may love those who possess these qualities; but a higher ground of regard should be that included in the expression, for Christ's sake." O, then is a world of meaning in that expression! What would not a redeemed sinner do for Christ's sake?"

It has been stated by Dr. Nichols, that the decomposing water in Mr. Paine's jar is acidulated. This is an evidence that his electrode is a battery, and that zinc is used. After the

audience were perfectly satisfied that Mr. Dixon had decomposed the water by his revolving helices, (for when they were in motion the water bubbled, when stopped, the bubbles stopped), he stepped out on the floor and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, the helices are made of wood." The effect was electrical, humorous, add laughable—it extinguished the Electrical Light.—*Scientific American.*

From the Ladies Repository.  
Lost in the Mountains.

BY REV. J. B. FINLEY.

The following incident is one among many

which have occurred in the history of my life, and which so strikingly illustrates the special providence of God, that I am induced to forward it for publication in the Repository.—

Mrs. Boarer, the heroine and narrator of the story, was the wife of Mr. George Boarer, and was, by education, and parentage, a Roman Catholic. Her parents were natives of Berkley county, Va., and, at the time, were residents of the country in the vicinity of Sleepy Creek. Early on the morning of the 7th of January, 1800, she left home on a borrowed horse to cross the Capin Mountains, to visit her aged parents. She took with her an infant child, a daughter, seven months old.

The snows upon the mountains were three feet deep, and the weather was exceedingly cold.

For deft, and company's sake, she took with her the house dog, a very large spaniel.—Having gained the top of the mountain range she concluded to leave the great road, and by a short cut, arrive the same night at her father's house.

She had, however, not proceeded far before

she found herself bewildered, and, in consequence, becoming frightened. She dared not turn back, but wandered about through the mountain until night had settled its gloom over the world. She then dismounted; and having fastened her horse to a sapling, she prepared a place, as well as circumstances would admit, where to pass the night. The snow, as before remarked, was three feet deep; the darkness was profound, and the wind from the north-west, broke in a hurricane above her. With no company but her child, and no protector but her faithful dog, her position was lonely beyond the imagination to conceive.

Fortunately, she had with her some extra clothing, in the shape of a cloak, and a shawl.

Removing, as well as she could, the snow from beneath a large tree, she took her apparel, and with her child and her dog, she composed herself for the night.

Sister Boarer stated to me, that for a week previous to undertaking this journey, she was unusually exercised about her spiritual welfare, and very frequently took an old prayer-book and read it.

Now, far from home, desolate and distressed, she felt the need of close communion with God. The prayers which she had read the week before came fresh to her mind, which she offered fervently to her Maker. The night was long and dreary and she spent it without sleep. Very shortly after fastening her horse, the animal started off at full speed; and breaking his bridle, started off at full speed.

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# CHRISTIAN SECRETARY.

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HARTFORD, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1851.

## Foreign Missions

We are happy to find that our remarks on Foreign Missions in our last week's paper, have met with a response in different quarters. Judging from the letters we have received during the past week, there is a deep and heartfelt interest on the part of many in regard to the prosperity of our Foreign Missions, and as this is the season of the year designated by the State Convention for collections to be made for this object, and as there appears to be danger of a debt resting upon the Missionary Union at the close of the year, it may be well enough to subject the subject again.

The Baptists of Connecticut paid into the Treasury of the Missionary Union last year, the sum of \$5,602.00. The first nine months of the present financial year, they have paid \$3,930.33; leaving a balance of \$1,672, to be made up in the last quarter of the present year if they pay the same as last year. But it will be recollect that at the annual meeting of the Missionary Union at Buffalo, last Spring, the Executive Committee were instructed to expend \$20,000 more this year than they did last year; which is about 25 per cent advance on the donations of last year. If Connecticut pays her part of the 20,000 the present year, there remains a sum of \$3,072 to be paid in the Treasury in the months of January, February and March. The additional expenditure of \$20,000 as our readers know, was imperatively called for in consequence of the widening and extending fields of missionary labor in foreign lands, and it is most earnestly hoped that the call will be cheerfully and promptly responded to. The amount is but a trifling for each individual of the denomination, were it to be equally divided.

Since the meeting of the Missionary Union at Buffalo, twenty missionaries have sailed from this country to foreign lands, and probably before this they have arrived at their appointed fields of labor. Several of these missionaries are from our own State; they have gone out from our own churches; their faces and voices are familiar to most of us. They received from us a hearty, but reluctant "farewell" as they left their native shores, perhaps forever to labor for the welfare of those who are now worshipping idols made with their own hands. These missionaries have undertaken the thankless task of enlightening the benighted heathen, and giving to them the light of the glorious gospel of the Son of God, relying upon the prayers and contributions of their brethren at home to sustain them in their cheerful (so far as the comforts of this world are concerned) toils and hardships. Has their confidence in our liberality been misplaced? Have we forgotten them as soon as they are out of sight, and lost all our Christian fellowship and regard for them? To these questions the united voice of the denomination will respond a hearty "no!" Then let us prove our faith by our works—by ministering to the necessities of these our brethren and sisters who have willingly sacrificed friends, country and all the social endearments of home for the good of the perishing heathen. It is almost needless to remind the churches that the months of January, February and March, by a vote of the Convention were set apart especially for foreign mission efforts, for the Convention minutes in which the vote is recorded, have been distributed among them. But if there are churches which have not yet attended to this matter, we would remind them that only *ever* *serve* foreign missions this year. The accounts of the Treasurer are closed on the 31st of March.

## Religious Toleration in Turkey.

Letters received from different missionary stations of the A. B. C. F. Missions, were read at the monthly meeting held at the Rev. Dr. Spring's church, N. Y., on Monday afternoon of the present week. Among them was a letter from Mr. Dwight, at Constantinople, dated Dec. 4, which communicates the important information that through the unremitting efforts of Sir Stratford Canning, a firm or imperial charter has been obtained, regularly incorporating the Protestants of Turkey as a distinct community, entitled to all the privileges and immunities of any other nation under the Musselman domination. This is considered an important step, as affecting their civil position in the Empire. Upon their reception of this charter, the Missionaries repaired in a body to the palace of the Grand Vizier, to tender him their thanks for so high a favor. Thirteen of the leading members of the Protestant community also called on Sir Stratford Canning, at his request, when they were addressed for three-quarters of an hour on their duties and responsibilities in view of their advanced position in the Empire. The meeting is represented as having been a very affecting one. The Ambassador himself betrayed evidences of deep emotion.

It is true that the Protestants have been recognized as a distinct community for three years past, and their complaints have always received respectful consideration by the Porte; but no regular imperial act of incorporation had taken place, and no pledge of permanent protection had been extended by the government. Mr. Dwight says:

"The present enlightened administration of Turkey, stimulated by the energy and influence of Sir Stratford Canning, has been sufficient to secure to the Protestants their civil rights in most cases; though a change of administration might at any time have turned the scale, and thrown them again into the power of their enemies. The firm now obtained, being from the Sultan himself, and permanent to their civil organization that the older Christian communities enjoy."

A Turkish Pasha has been appointed to attend to their affairs, and they are to appoint an agent from among themselves, as their organ for transacting business with the Government. The great problem of religious toleration in Turkey, as it affects the Protestants, is now considered as solved—a result little expected a few years ago.

Mrs. Hanlin, of the Turkish mission, died on the 14th of November last.

BAPTISMS.—Rev. Mr. M. dock, of the South Baptist church, baptized three candidates Sabbath morning.

Rev. Mr. Phelps of New Haven, baptized two. We learn that in both cases the candidates were all heads of families.

Rev. L. Black, late of Stonington has accepted a call from the Concord Baptist church, Brooklyn, N. Y.

## Names of Churches.

In the last *Calendar* we find a list of names of Baptist churches taken from Benedict's History of the Baptists. A more compact set of names could hardly be imagined. For instance, there is the *Turkey Foot, Cow Marsh, Frying Pan, Bear Swamp, and Polo Cat* churches. These churches are located, we presume, in the new settlements of the South Western States, and the names attached to them, strictly speaking, do not belong to the churches; but for the sake of brevity, the name of the place where the church is located is applied to the church. For instance, "Duck Creek church," if accurately written would read, "the Baptist church at Duck Creek." And this is just the way the Apostles named the churches in their day.—"The church at Ephesus."—"The church at Philadelphia," Corinth, Rome, and other places, were all designated by the place where they were located. But the Apostles never christened the churches in their day with the unscriptural names of "Church of St. Gabriel," "Church of St. Mary," "St. John," "St. Jude," "Holy Innocents," "Holy Cross," and the like. This was an invention of more modern times, which crept into the church with many other errors and fancied improvements on the plan of the simple old apostles. And these improvements in church polity and doctrine have been going on ever since; till the changes have become so great in some quarters that St. Paul himself, were he permitted to return to the earth to-day, would not be able to discover in them scarcely a resemblance to the churches which he founded, notwithstanding the fact that these improved churches claim to be founded "on the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone." The churches named by Benedict evidently stand on scriptural grounds, notwithstanding the unscriptural names which the hardy backwoodsmen have applied to their several localities.

## Sabbath School Anniversary.

Bro. Burr.—Knowing that every institution that has for its object the promotion of the interests of our Saviour's kingdom in the world, finds in your columns a place to record its doings, success and hopes, and is a subject of interest to yourself and readers, I have been led to present to you a sketch of the Anniversary of the Stonington Baptist Sabbath School.

This meeting was held on the evening of the last Sabbath of the year, Dec. 29th, a time well fitted for a review of the past and a record of God's mercy, since year by year we glide so silently to the great day of review, that without some warning to mind us of our shortening time, we might forget to "do with our might whatever our hand findeth to do." The weather, though inclement, did not prevent the filling of the church, and the audience testified, by their attention, to the interest of the exercises, which were opened by the performance, on the part of the school, of one of those beautiful hymns from our S. S. Melodies, commencing :

"Another year has rolled around,  
And in sweet union here we're found  
To God the glory give."

After this was the reading of the 17th chap. of Proverbs by the pastor, and a feeling petition at the throne of grace, by bro. Gonsalves. Then followed the singing of the "Annual Offering," written for the occasion by the superintendent, D. W. Thompson; the reading of the report, remarks of superintendent, collection, remarks and prayers by the school, and the singing of the "Paring Hymn," for the occasion; and we doubt not each teacher went to his home encouraged, and resolved, by the help of God, to be more faithful in the discharge of duty, for the future, to the young immortals committed to his or her trust, and to seek more importunately the blessing of Heaven to attend the efforts made for the good, the best good, of the dear youth.

I will subjoin a few items from the Annual Report, that may be of passing interest to some of your readers.

It is now nearly a year since the present board of officers assumed, with trembling, the responsibility of the school, each feeling that something must be done to interest as well as instruct. They went forward confiding in the promise of One, who had said, "in due season ye shall reap if ye faint not;" and the present condition of the school, together with the reports that have been presented from time to time, show this confidence not to have been misplaced, nor their labor in vain. The Spirit of the Lord has been in our midst, and souls have been brought from the error of their ways to seek the living God.

Knowing well the pleasing, social and religious power of Music, this has been used as one means of exciting interest, proving truly successful; and by it the youth have learned a large number of hymns, which have implanted in their minds the precious truths of the gospel.

2. In nature, sleep follows activity, pleasure succeeds pain, and in general *converses* produce their opposites; so death ought to produce life.

3. Memory is sure to recall only ideas that existed before; the soul had a pre-existence before birth, when all knowledge was perfect; "our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting" of the plenitude of wisdom which the soul formerly enjoyed, and to which it will again return, when severed from the grossness of earth.

4. Compounds alone are destructive; we clearly perceive the soul is simple, elementary, and so imperishable.

5. The opinion of the soul's immortality harmonizes with all just ideas of God.

6. The soul's immortality is indicated by the ceremonies and sacrifices to the gods, which symbolize the punishments of the wicked.

7. The immortality of the soul is transmitted from antiquity, and *not* from *scripture*.

*Objection.*—The soul may be transient like a tone of music.

*Answer.*—This analogy does not hold since (1) sound depends on the instrument, but the soul does not depend upon the body; (2) memory admits of less and more; the soul does not; (3) sound accords and is subservient to the instrument; but the soul is superior to the body; it attacks all passions, it curbs, punishes, &c.

The above imperfect outline will be sufficient to convey a general idea of the nature of the argument. It is related that one of the ancients reading over this treatise was convinced of the soul's immortality, but when he had laid aside the book, the feeling of conviction departed, and he was as much in doubt as before. Indeed it cannot demand belief with the force of every day matters of fact; since it is properly an argument from analogy, a comparison of incorporeal conceptions. But before deciding further upon its conclusiveness, let us recur to the evidence by which in Christianity, this and other evidences of religion have been established.

Had the great truths of salvation been borne to the world by the whispers of the wind, or suggested in an evening reverie, or a dream of the night, it were not difficult to assign what effect would have followed. To youth whose feelings are tender and susceptible, the monitory voices might for a time be heedful; but to the great mass of mankind, the daily cares of life would speedily close over them forgotten. Nor is it hard to perceive that the communications being spiritual only, would lack the stronger and more practical evidence of the senses. And here is one reason why it was so hard for the ancient Israelites departing from Egypt to believe. Hence it was necessary that the commandments of the Lord by Moses, should be locked upon their consciences by miracles, as the strongest evidence of the senses, and the sternest realities of the world. Hence at the conclusion of their forty years wandering, there was abundant cause for Moses in review to enquire, "Are now of the days that are past, since the day that God

## Plato on the Immortality of the Soul.

"It must be so, Plato, thou reasonest well; Else when this pleasing hope, this fond desire,

This longing after immortality?"

Can the immortality of the soul be proved by the light of nature? The question is called to remembrance, by the perusal of the celebrated Phaedo of Plato; nor is it uninteresting to see how sincerely, yet with difficulty, a most gifted heathen labored to establish this momentous doctrine, the most precious jewel of humanity.

The glowing description of the splendors of the celestial world, near the close of the Phaedo, has suggested the thought that this celebrated argument originated at some lucid hour, in conception relating to the scenery of nature. We are led to imagine the philosopher withdrawing from the dusty streets of Athens, and from the Academic haunts to wander forth for contemplation. He continues his retired walk till the sea meets his view. Perchance it is the promontory of Sunium; and the waves subsiding from the commotion of a recent storm, are breaking in measured numbers along the sandy shore. In the distance, seen through the green olive groves, stands a temple of the gods, whose marble columns pointing upward to heaven, renewed in his mind the great question of immortality. Intent upon his speculations the golden sun sinks in the west almost unheeded, and the silvery mantle of night falls upon the scene. Then if ever, it would seem that wisdom would descend from heaven, and men would read the great moral truths hieroglyphed on the visible universe. Anon the stars shine out in the peculiar brilliancy of that pure and splendid climate. The inquiry recurs with redoubled force, shall death and all the glorious visions and fond sepiations of the soul? Shall life expire as the tones of a harp which vanish away, and are heard no more? It was then amid the sweet influences of the Pleiades that all the azure space of heaven with the trembling light of the stars seemed filled with fleeting, melting forms and ethereal images; as he looked again, the air was still living with their spirit.

That hath so many lights, this being divides, Through different essences, from its distinct And yet contained within it."

It appeared to the philosopher, true, that these aerial and vivid images were not mere creations of the imagination, but were real spiritual forms.

And beauty and purity and justice seemed no longer ideal, but actual existences. The invisible soul must be allied to these, which have nothing in their nature that is perishable, and thus must be immortal.

Such suggestions appear to be the origin of the celebrated argument in the Phaedo for the immortality of the soul. As expressed by the author, "beginning with these, and laying down as an hypothesis, that there is a certain something, the beautiful, itself subsisting by itself, and a certain something, the good, and the great, and so of all the rest; which if you permit me to do, and show that such things have subsistence, I hope I shall be able to demonstrate this cause to you, and discover that the soul is immortal."

Having thus compared the ancient argument for the soul's immortality with the impressive superiority and excellence of Christian revelation, let us in closing, adduce the following extract from one of those remarkable and noble passages, which have thus far preserved the Phaedo entire amid the wrecks of time: "But it is just my friends, to think that if the soul is immortal, it requires our care and attention not only for the present time, in which we say it lives, but likewise for the whole of time [eternity]; and it will now appear that he who neglects it must subject himself to a most dreadful danger. For if death were the liberation of the whole man, it would be an unexpected gain to the wicked to be liberated at the same time from the way and from their vices. But now since the soul appears to be immortal, no other flight from evils, and no other safety remains for it, than in becoming the best and most prudent possible."

G. SEYMOUR,  
Agent of the Board of Directors of Judson Academy.

Hartford Ct. Feb. 3d 1850.

Mr. Seymour, whose name appears above as agent, comes well recommended by his brethren in Ohio, and we most cheerfully command him to the hospitalities of his brethren in New England.

The amplification of this view opens a wide field for discussion, which is presented with the dramatic skill peculiar to its Grecian author. But without entering into the minute details in this place, the following brief analysis will express the nature of the argument sufficiently for our purpose:

1. man is born to know the truth, but he can never attain to a perfect knowledge of it in this life by reason of his body as an obstacle; hence perfect knowledge is reserved for the life to come.

2. In nature, sleep follows activity, pleasure succeeds pain, and in general *converses* produce their opposites; so death ought to produce life.

3. Memory is sure to recall only ideas that existed before; the soul had a pre-existence before birth, when all knowledge was perfect; "our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting" of the plenitude of wisdom which the soul formerly enjoyed, and to which it will again return, when severed from the grossness of earth.

4. Compounds alone are destructive; we clearly perceive the soul is simple, elementary, and so imperishable.

5. The opinion of the soul's immortality harmonizes with all just ideas of God.

6. The soul's immortality is indicated by the ceremonies and sacrifices to the gods, which symbolize the punishments of the wicked.

7. The immortality of the soul is transmitted from antiquity, and *not* from *scripture*.

*Objection.*—The soul may be transient like a tone of music.

*Answer.*—This analogy does not hold since (1)

sound depends on the instrument, but the soul does not depend upon the body; (2) memory admits of less and more; the soul does not; (3) sound accords and is subservient to the instrument; but the soul is superior to the body; it attacks all passions, it curbs, punishes, &c.

The above imperfect outline will be sufficient to convey a general idea of the nature of the argument. It is related that one of the ancients reading over this treatise was convinced of the soul's immortality, but when he had laid aside the book, the feeling of conviction departed, and he was as much in doubt as before. Indeed it cannot demand belief with the force of every day matters of fact; since it is properly an argument from analogy, a comparison of incorporeal conceptions. But before deciding further upon its conclusiveness, let us recur to the evidence by which in Christianity, this and other evidences of religion have been established.

Had the great truths of salvation been borne to the world by the whispers of the wind, or suggested in an evening reverie, or a dream of the night, it were not difficult to assign what effect would have followed. To youth whose feelings are tender and susceptible, the monitory voices might for a time be heedful; but to the great mass of mankind, the daily cares of life would speedily close over them forgotten. Nor is it hard to perceive that the communications being spiritual only, would lack the stronger and more practical evidence of the senses. And here is one reason why it was so hard for the ancient Israelites departing from Egypt to believe. Hence it was necessary that the commandments of the Lord by Moses, should be locked upon their consciences by miracles, as the strongest evidence of the senses, and the sternest realities of the world. Hence at the conclusion of their forty years wandering, there was abundant cause for Moses in review to enquire, "Are now of the days that are past, since the day that God

created man upon the earth, and ask from the one side of heaven unto the other, whether there hath been as this great thing, or hath been heard like it? Or hath God assayed to go and take him a nation from the midst of a nation by temptations by signs and by wonders, by war and by a mighty hand, and by a stretched out arm, according to all that the Lord thy God did for you in Egypt before your eyes? Unto thee, it was showed, that thou mightest know that the Lord is God; there is none else beside him. Out of heaven he made thee to hear his voice, that he might instruct thee, and upon earth he showed thee his great fire; and thou heardst his words out of the fire!

Again, when on the coming of Messiah, the kingdom of heaven was set up, it was not done by a spiritual revelation alone, but the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us. The Son of man did not simply assert in fleeting words the doctrine of the pardon of sin—but that ye may know that the Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins, (he saith to the sick of the palsy,) I say unto thee, Arise and take up thy bed, and go thy way into thine house: And immediately he arose, took up the bed and went forth before them all." Neither did Christ suffer the promise of the resurrection and of spiritual intuitions,—he died, and was buried, and the third day rose again—and on him the second death had no power. The disciple Thomas, distrustful of spiritual appearances demanded more than the evidence of testimony. Then saith he to Thomas, "Touch me and believe." The disciple having done so, said to him, "Thou art indeed Christ, whom God sent into the world."

He continued his retired walk till the sea meets his view. Perchance it is the promontory of Sunium; and the waves subsiding from the commotion of a recent storm, are breaking in measured numbers along the sandy shore. In the distance, seen through the green olive groves, stands a temple of the gods, whose marble columns pointing upward to heaven, renewed in his mind the great question of immortality. Intent upon his speculations the golden sun sinks in the west almost unheeded, and the silvery mantle of night falls upon the scene. Then if ever, it would seem that wisdom would descend from heaven, and men would read the great moral truths hieroglyphed on the visible universe. Anon the stars shine out in the peculiar brilliancy of that pure and splendid climate. The inquiry recurs with redoubled force, shall death and all the glorious visions and fond sepiations of the soul? Shall life expire as the tones of a harp which vanish away, and are heard no more? It was then amid the sweet influences of the Pleiades that all the azure space of heaven with the trembling light of the stars seemed filled with fleeting, melting forms and ethereal images; as he looked again, the air was still living with their spirit.

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# CHRISTIAN SECRETARY.

Arrival of the Canada.

Steamer Canada reached Halifax on Monday, bringing one week's later intelligence from Europe; but no intelligence from the Atlantic which sailed from Liverpool on the 11th of December last! Baltimore ship *Franconia*, was wrecked off on the 11th of January. Her cargo of the captain, chief mate and eleven hands came from Rome and the Papal States, a growing apprehension and uneasiness still classes. The news had declined about one farthing per

sensation has been created in England by a new Catholic Bishop for Ireland. The Standard states the Queen's speech at the opening session of Parliament will contain expression against the late proceedings of the legislative measures, since the peremptory dismissal of General Palmer, has caused great dissatisfaction to the leaders of the party of order, who propose in this act the foreshadowing of Louis' desire to obtain absolute power. They have discovered this desire long ago if they were unprejudiced eyes at his conduct. *Com. Ad.*

## News of the Week.

### ANOTHER PROPOSED CONNECTION OF THE ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC.—A correspondent of the National Intelligencer notices the reception of an octavo volume of 556 pages, just published at London, under the following title:—"Britain Redeemed, and Canada Preserved." By F. A. Wilson, and Alfred B. Richards." The object of the work is to advocate the construction of a railroad across Nova Scotia and the Canadas, from Halifax to the Pacific, terminating at Puget's Sound, opposite the Island of Vancouver. The estimated length of the route is 2000 miles, of which 400 miles, from Halifax to Quebec is already secured. To the construction of the railroad it is alleged there is no serious obstacle, but the Rocky Mountains, which are proposed to be passed by detours through the defiles, or by tunneling, if necessary.

It is proposed that twenty thousand convicts should be placed at once upon the road to work it, and that the papers of the United Kingdom be colonized upon the line, and those sustain themselves by their own labor. It is estimated that five millions of the British population, now annually costs more than six millions sterling in parish rates, and thirty to forty millions in all forms of public or private charity. The estimates for the cost of the road are an average of £5000 per mile, being £14,000,000 for the whole work, and less than half the present annual cost of pauperism at home. The adoption of this plan, it is claimed, will regenerate Great Britain, cure all her maladies, relieve her of her burdens, and give way to a new era of prosperity and happiness.

REVELATIONS.—The citizens of Hart-

le of them who have a fancy for such novelties are weekly regaled with fresh news from the other world at a shilling a copy. "Superior state," and Mrs. Davis reads the audiences that assemble at Gilman's for the purpose of hearing "some new

WATER.—We learn from the Daily Courier it is in contemplation to supply Hartford with water from Connecticut River. The force of the water by a steam engine from a Reservoir on elevated ground north, whence it will be brought in pipes and led through our streets and wherever wanted, the gentlemen engaged in the enterprise, we think, will find it profitable.

RING INTELLIGENCE.—We are happy to find a good influence is still felt at the Baptist Church, near Milestone. Seventy-five converts have been added to the number of which Rev. J. M. Richards is pastor, the first of the present month. The ordinance has been administered every Sabbath, when twenty, seventeen, and eight have been added at the four successive Sabbaths. Six candidates are to receive the ordinance next Sabbath. We hope to hear similar tidings from church soon.—*Chr. Chronicle.*

W. F. NELSON.—The first Baptist church keepers have unanimously invited Rev. Nelson, late of Cap Girardeau, Mo., to the care of the church, and he has accepted. Mr. N. will enter upon his duties of February.

HOLY SEPULCHRE.—The Greek and Latin assemblies at Jerusalem, are quarrelling for the sepulchre, and it is said that disgraceful scenes are enacted in the struggle. How much they would both cling to the Saviour, struggling for an empty, if not fictitious Presbyterian.

FIELD, VT.—Bro. Isaac Smith writes, "Please say to the friends of religion that is with us. Fifty or more have found Conference. Our prayer is, that he with us always. Nineteen have been and thirty have joined class—Zion's

that there is a delightful work of the church at Sing Sing, under the care of W. S. Meikle. Nine were baptized last N. Y. Recorder.

Electoral ballots, for U. S. Senator, were in Legislature of N. Y. on Tuesday last.

New Publications.

Clarke bids fair to become a highly inductor of the Mother's Journal. We see from the January and February numbers have been issued under her editorial management, that she is eminently fitted for the office; or more strictly speaking, is eminently adapted to her religious art and feelings. The moral and religious welfare of children is a matter of infinite concern, which we fear has been too lightly regarded by parents. Whatever tends to project must be good, and most heartily Mrs. Clarke succeeds in her labors for the rising generation.

Mr. Book's number of this splendid Magazine, and, as usual, is filled with original articles. Of the nine original designs in that of the "Infant Saviour and St. Peter" of the series of Godey's Scriptural Art by T. B. Welch, is the best of the best engravings we have seen.

GOVERNOR QUITMAN.—The telegraphing announced, yesterday, that Gov. Quitman had resigned the gubernatorial chair of Mississippi, his origin in the following paragraph:

We heard, yesterday, in the street, that Governor Quitman has resigned his position as Governor of the State of Mississippi, in order to spend his time here, under an assumed name, in an extensive prosecution, for being concerned in an expedition to Cuba. If this should prove true, the chief executive of the State will devolve upon the Hon. J. L. Guion, President of the Senate of Mississippi.

This gentleman is a Whig, but fully sustains the position of Governor Quitman on the great question between the North and South.—N. O. Delta, Jan. 21.

BOSTON, Jan. 31.—Attempted Murder and Suicide.—An actor at the Museum, named Lewis, attempted to stab his wife this morning, at the Museum, during rehearsal, but she caught the knife in her hand, cutting it severely. He was then seized and bound, but succeeded in getting a razor from his pocket, and cut his throat, at not dangerously. His wife goes by the name of Mrs. Stickney.

## The Rights of Man.

When the tongue or the pen is let loose in a frenzy of passion, it is the man, and not the subject, that becomes exhausted.

Every age and generation must be as free to act for itself, in all cases, as the ages and generations which preceded it.

The vanity and presumption of governing beyond the grave, is the most ridiculous and insolent of all tyrannies.

Man has no property in man; neither has any generation a property in the generations which are to follow.

Every generation is and must be competent to all the purposes which its occasions require.

It is the living, and not the dead, that are to be accommodated.

Man ceases to be, his power and his wants cease with him.

Man did not enter into society to become greater than he was before, nor to have less rights than he had before, but to have those rights better secured.

His natural rights are those which always appear to man in the right of his existence.

Civil rights are those which pertain to man in right of his being a member of society.

When it becomes necessary to do a thing, the whole heart should join in the measure, or it should not be attempted.

The rights of men were exhibited with their suffering, the stage effect would sometimes be lost, and the audience would be inclined to approve where it was intended they should disapprove.

It will always happen, when a thing is originally wrong, that amendments do not make it right, and often happens that they do as much mischief one way as good the other.

Governor by monks, who know nothing of the world beyond walls of a convent, is as consistent as government by kings.

With language that insults the dignity of man; when I feel (for man) has not been strong enough to me to blot out feelings for the honor and happiness of his character, I become irritated at the attempt to govern mankind by force and fraud, as if they were all knaves and fools, and can scarcely avoid feeling disgust for those who are thus imposed upon.

The duty of man is not a wilderness of turnpikes, gates, through which he is to pass by tickets from one to the other. In plain and simple, and consists in this:—He is to be a man.

He enticed the youngest boy into a wood near a field, where he knocked him on the head, and then covered his body with leaves and stones. He then proceeded to entice the eldest boy into the woods, under pretence of looking for birds' nests, and carried a rope in his hand. He induced the boy to climb a tree, and climbed up after him. When fifteen or twenty feet up, he made the boy into a running noose, and abruptly threw him over a neck; and then cast off the tree, which produced death by hanging.

He states that he experienced no contrition or sorrow for this horrid deed, till some hours after it was committed.

No one was on the farm but his mother at the time, who, it appears, became alarmed about the children.

On the return of Lester and Dunbar's wife much alarm prevailed about the absence of the children, and a general search was commenced, and the boys were found just as he had left them. He assigned no other motive for these atrocious murders than a desire to have a better chance of obtaining some property if they were put out of the way.

He died apparently under great contrition for what he had done, and expressed a hope of mercy and forgiveness.

Toleration is not the opposite of intolerance, but is the *counterfeif* of it. Both are despots.

The one assumes to its right of withholding liberty of conscience, and the other of granting it.

The one is pope armed with fire and fagot, and the other is pope armed with plough and grating instruments.

The former is church and state, and the latter is church and traffic.

Not one glance of compassion, not one of comiserating reflection, that I can find throughout his book, has he bestowed on those that ingored out the most wretched of lives, a life without hope, in the most miserable of prisons. It is painful to behold a man employing his talents to corrupt himself.

Nature has been kind to Mr. Burke, who has

not been affected by the reality of distress

surrounding him.

He has, however, got the *plague*, but forgets the dying bird.

Accustomed to kiss the aristocratic hand that hath polluted him from himself, he degenerates into a companion of art, and the genuine soul of nature forsakes him.

His hero and his heroine must be a tragedy victim, expiring in show, and not the real prisoner of misery, slaying into death in the silence of a dungeon.

He is dead, Esq. of New Bedford, to defend him. This morning he was had up in secret for examination.

*New Wingless Bird.*

At a recent meeting of the London Linnean Society, Mr. Westwood called the attention of the society to a wingless bird on Lord Howe's Island—an island Mr. Westwood had secured to him.

This spot had been accidentally visited by Captain Poole, of the East India Company's service, who,

considering it a favorable spot for colonization, had induced six Irishmen and their wives and families to settle on it.

The place now one of constant resort for the supply of water and provisions to the South Sea whalers, is composed entirely of a cluster of sixteen huts scattered over the island.

Capital Poole had discovered the bird in question.

It is about the size of a quail—and is considered by the settlers as good eating.

Mr. Westwood thought the

annunciation of the existence of this bird—which was not previously known to exist in those regions—would be received with interest in connection with the discovery of the extinct wingless birds of New Zealand.

*Market Beef—Extra, \$6.00 per ewt.; first quality, \$5.50; 2d quality, \$5.00; 3d quality, \$4.50; ordinary, \$3.50.*

*Hides \$5.25 per ewt.*

*Fallow \$5.50.*

*Sow Beef—\$3.00.*

*Sheep \$1.25.*

*Three years old—\$1.25.*

*Two years old—\$1.25.*

*Sheep and Lambs—\$1.43 at market.*

*Prices—extra, \$4.50.*

*By lot—\$1.50, 2, 2.50, 3.*

*Swine—Retail 55¢.*

*Total—\$3.00.*

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# CHRISTIAN SECRETARY.

From the New London Chronicle.

## Memoir of Anne Bailey of Groton.

Died at Groton, Ct., Jan. 18th, 1851, Mrs. Anna Bailey, relic of Capt. Elijah Bailey, age 92.

Mrs. Bailey's name has been so widely spread over the Union, and she has been personally known to so many individuals, that her life becomes a part of our history; and now at the time of her decease a simple narrative of the leading incidents of her story cannot be inappropriate.

She was born on the 11th of October, 1758. Her maiden name was Anna Warner; but for a period of time reaching beyond the lives of the greater part of living men around her, she was the wife of Capt. Elijah Bailey, a soldier of the Revolution, and for nearly 40 years, Postmaster and inn-keeper on Groton Bank. Her father, Philip Warner, was a native of Stafford, Conn. He came to New London, a young lad, for the purpose of following the seas, and for a number of years sailed from this port. Her mother was Hannah Mills, daughter of John Mills, an emigrant from Boston who settled in Groton and married a daughter of the first Jonathan Starr of that place. Her parents had been but a few years married when they both died of the small pox within ten days of each other, leaving two children, of whom Anna was the oldest. The wife had been taken sick just before the husband expected to depart on a voyage; he remained to nurse her—saw her buried, but died of the disorder taken from his wife, two days from land. Mrs. Bailey, when over 80 years of age, shed tears abundantly as she related the circumstances attending the death of her parents. The grave of her mother appeared to be a sacred spot in her estimation; often, she said, when a child, she had gone to weep over it; and added—"My father's mother came down from Stafford to see us; she went with us to my mother's grave; and I think I see her now, as she stood lamenting and crying—"O that my son had been buried here in the green earth, instead of being cast into a watery grave!" When will the sea give up its dead?"

The children were brought up by their grandmother Mills, who had married a second husband, (her cousin James Starr,) and during the Revolutionary war, this couple considerably advanced in life, were living about three miles from Groton Bank, in the woods, as it was styled by Mrs. Bailey. Two sons of the first marriage, James and Edward Mills—the latter with his wife and two children, one of them a babe only a few weeks old, resided with them.

The women of that day vied with the men in their passionate love of liberty and dread of English rule. Anna Warner was a character for the times. Even in her secluded home she caught the fire of the nation and nourished it into a flame. She was one of those who carry every idea and feeling to an extreme, and do nothing by halves. When independence was declared, she was old enough to take a deep interest in that great act of her country, and during the seven years' conflict that succeeded, the aggressions of the enemy were so indelibly marked in her mind as to give a coloring to her whole life. She would often remark in latter days, that the women of the Revolution were greater patriots than the men, and that they were accustomed to urge their husbands and brothers to go and fight those inhuman monsters, the tyrants and tories. Such was the unmeasured language they commonly used.

Her uncle, Edward Mills—a name now found inscribed on the Groton monument—was an ardent patriot; and on the morning of Arnold's invasion, when the alarm guns sounding at daybreak gave notice of the approach of the enemy, he started instantly and alone, (his brother James being absent from home,) for the scene of danger. He was a corporal in the militia, and joining his company, they threw themselves into Groton Fort, to await the invaders. This fact was learned by his friends at home during the day; while the roar of cannon in the morning, and afterwards the heavy wreath of smoke rolling up in the direction of the town filled them with dismal apprehensions; and at night-fall, their worst fears were confirmed, as the news came rushing through the country that New London and Groton village were burnt, the fort taken, and the garrison put to the sword.

It may readily be imagined that the little family in the woods passed a night of sleepless agony; the breathing of the wind in the trees or the flutter of a night-bird made them often start and listen, hoping that would prove to be the footstep of their returning soldier. As soon as the day dawned, Anna Warner went out, milked the cows, fed the stock of the farm, and without waiting for breakfast, or to make any change in her dress, started for the Bank, to obtain some tidings of her uncle.—Clad in a striped skirt of linsy-woolsey a short blue linen wrapper, with bare arms and hands without stockings, and a calico bonnet, she hurried forward to the main road, which she found full of militia men, and citizens flocking towards the coast. Many women and children were also there, hastening onwards moaning and weeping, ignorant of what had become of father, brother, and husband.

At length Anna met an old man, whom she knew, (Mr. John Bailey,) who informed her that uncle, mortally wounded, had been conveyed to a dwelling near the meeting house, and was still living. She hastened thither, and found him a sad object to behold, cut and mangled in various parts of his head, hands, and body. His wounds had been dressed, but life was fast ebbing away, and he no sooner

saw Anna, than he earnestly asked for his wife and children, pitifully entreating that he might see them before he died. Anxious to gratify him, she turned back with a quick step, retraced her way home, caught and saddled the family horse, helped the young wife upon it, placed the oldest child in her lap, and taking the babe in her arms, hastened back again, and never rested a moment, till after her nine miles' walk, she had placed the child in the arms of its dying parent.

The energy and promptness of action displayed by Anna Warner in this incident were retained by her as Mrs. Bailey, and even to old age. She was noted for a bold, determined spirit, quickness of feeling, prompt repartee, vigor and agility of frame, and volubility of speech. But the predominant feeling of her life was a deep-rooted hatred of everything English. Her prejudices were tremendous; the fire kindled in her bosom in the morning of life nothing could extinguish.—The fearful scenes of the Jersey prison ship, from whose noisome hold some of the friends of her youth barely escaped with life, and where she firmly believed 11,500 Americans, all told, and numbered had perished; (for so often repeated it) and the home terrors of the Groton massacre, had so embittered her retentive feelings, that she could never speak of the British nation without some vituperative epithet. When, therefore the last war with Great Britain broke out, she was ready for the emergency. She gloried in the Declaration of War in 1812, almost as much as in the Declaration of Independence of '76. Her cordial manners, and her vehement political predilections and antipathies, made her house a noted partisan resort, and its mistress a noted personage. Officers and soldiers of both army and navy frequented her dwelling, and met with a warm hearted hospitality that made her threshold appear to them more like a home than a tavern.

But the wide notoriety of Mrs. Bailey is founded on an incident which happened in the summer of 1813—an incident coarse and ludicrous in itself, but which has been widely circulated, and yet so much more frequently alluded to than actually told, that a simple detail of the fact seems requisite. The squadron of Commodore Decatur had been chased into New London harbor by a superior British fleet; and an attack upon the town was momentarily expected. It was of great importance that the fort on Groton Heights should be immediately prepared for a vigorous defense. Major Simeon Smith with a band of volunteers from New London, hastened to the reinforcement of the garrison, and preparations were made to give the enemy a warm reception, when it was discovered that they were short of cartridges. Wadding was wanted and a messenger was sent in haste through the village to procure flannel. The inhabitants had mostly packed their goods and were carrying them off to places less exposed.—Mrs. Bailey was sending away her effects and had only a few necessary articles left in the house. She was crossing the street to a neighbor's door when the messenger, having traversed the village, asking in vain at every house for flannel to make cartridges, accosted her and made known his errand and his ill success. Without a moment's delay—quick as thought she slipped her hand into her pocket hole, loosened her skirt, shook it off, and lifting it up presented it to the messenger with a right hearty laugh, expressing a wish, the import of which was, that it might do its work promptly and effectually.

The bystanders were much amused and uttered a shout of admiration. The messenger hastened with his prize to the fortress and made his report. The story was rehearsed to the whole garrison, and the sacrificed skirt being unrolled and displayed, was received with loud acclamations; the men rearing it upon their pikes, declared they would fight under it to the last drop of their blood. Had the British actually made an attack at that time, it is quite probable that the memorable garment would have been run up the flag, and allowed to throw out its folds upon the wind as a banner.

This anecdote went forth into the newspapers, and was soon spread throughout the Union. Mrs. Bailey was exalted to the pinnacle of notoriety, as the greatest of female patriots. She was toasted, visited, caressed; letters, tokens, and presents were sent her from all quarters. At the great military and naval hall, given in New London not long afterwards, Mrs. Bailey appeared in antique costume, and was led out upon the floor by the officer highest in rank that was present on the occasion. Since that period, strangers stopping at New London have made it a point to visit Mrs. Bailey. Two Presidents of the United States, Monroe and Jackson, in their respective tours through the Northern States after visiting Groton Fort, went in state procession to pay their respects to her as the heroine of Groton.

The writer of this article first saw her when she was upwards of seventy years of age. She would dance all about the room, singing national glee, rail at the English and defenders of English measures, and glory in the democracy, the masonic fraternity, and General Jackson—her favorite topics—with a zest and lightness of heart that filled the beholders with amazement. The walls of her room were adorned, or rather disfigured with a grotesque assemblage of ballad engravings and coarse caricatures, among which no less than eight likenesses of her favorite hero were interspersed; this she observed was none too much of a good thing. It is but justice to add, that she exhibited the woodbine that shaded her piazza, and her large flower-

without that most admirable volume, Giraud's Birds of Long Island.

But all these, with the exception of Wilson, were secondary to Audubon. His great work on ornithology was commenced in 1803, and was published in London from 1824 to 1838. An edition, the figures greatly reduced in size, was published in the U. States, in seven volumes, from 1839 to 1844. His work on quadrupeds, in five folio volumes, was commenced in 1842; and he has also published several volumes of ornithological biography. These Herculean labors were the work of years, and have been accompanied by personal privations, pecuniary sacrifices, severe researches and physical endurance that can hardly be credited by the superficial observer. His productions most strongly recommend themselves to public approbation by their beautiful pictorial illustrations, and the felicitous language of the descriptions. They are an honor to the country and a permanent monument to the memory of the author.

Mr. Audubon was born in Louisiana, but has passed the latter part of his life in the vicinity of this city. He was a most agreeable and instructive companion: a warm friend, and at all times a gentleman in the most emphatic sense of the term. His personal appearance was imposing and dignified, and he is graphically described in an English work published some years since, called the Subaltern's Furlough. The following is an extract:

"During my ten days' residence in Fredericksburg, I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Audubon, the celebrated Ornithologist, who, with his sons, was searching for additions to his laborious undertaking. He had only been fortunate enough to meet with one rare bird in the province and I am afraid he will not add many subscribers to his valuable but expensive work. His original drawings were certainly much more beautiful and spirited than the English colored engravings. His time appeared wholly given up to the performance of what he had undertaken, and in the pursuit of which he has expended a considerable fortune. His manners are very mild, and he has a prepossessing and benevolent countenance, with a sharp, eagle eye, and prominent features."

Mr. Audubon we have lost a member of society whom it will be difficult to replace; and although he will hardly be missed by the workers in the caverns of Mammon, his loss will be felt by the votaries of science throughout the civilized world; and if there is a consolation to his friends and his family under this great bereavement, it is in the reflection that the cloud that shadowed the last few months of his life, is now dissolved and dissipated forever."

U. M. C.

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